

## Imagination and Reason

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

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AS if Coleridge or some one else who said, "All men are either Platonists or Aristotelians!"

In other words, all people, in attempting to reach their conclusions about the meaning of life and the world, work either along the line laid down by Plato the idealist or along that given by Aristotle the reasoner.

There is no middle ground. We must stand either with the academy or the porch, unless we are content to fall down and forego all attempts at a working hypothesis regarding the mighty maze of which we are a part.

Imagination and reason. Without going into the fog banks of scholastic definition, reason may be said to be the faculty that probes and analyzes, that investigates and compares and that aims to draw from the facts before it their logical meaning, while imagination may be defined as the faculty that deals with ideas, as reason does with facts, and that goes on to its conclusions without paying any particular attention to the thing called logic.

To the question, "Which is the greater?" the answer must be, "Both are great and both are essential."

The two supplement each other and together they make the perfect whole, the one supplying what the other lacks.

Reason lays the foundation while imagination rears the beautiful structure that at one and the same time serves our uses and delights our eyes.

Reason is the mathematician, the engineer, the builder, the navigator, the trader, the artisan, while imagination is the artist, the poet, the singer and the seer.

Reason is the hard, cold granite rock, which imagination covers with the velvety moss and the dancing sunbeams.

Reason supplies the solid support for our feet, so that we shall know where to stand when the winds blow and the flood comes; but it is imagination which spreads out the prospect that cheers us midst the storm and gives us courage.

With reason alone we would have light but it would be like moonlight on an ice field—brilliant enough but cold and benumbing.

It is the power of imagination that warns us, that transforms the ice field into the sun-kissed meadow, that calls forth the birds and flowers and laughing children which fill the world with music and gladness.

If I were obliged to declare myself, my verdict would have to be something like this—a sort of toast, as it were: "Here's to Reason; long may she wave; and may she ever keep arm in arm with her divine adviser, bright-eyed Imagination!"

We cannot get along without mathematics and logic and those sorts of things; but something tells us that the dreamers and their dreams have done more for us than all the problems of all the mathematicians and all the syllogisms of all the logic choppers.

As Novalis puts it, "Philosophy (the higher fancy) bakes no bread, but she gives us God, freedom and immortality."

And without these sense-transcending ideas what would our life be but a last year's bird's nest from which the bird has flown—dried leaves and twigs with no music in it.

Be not afraid, then, of the imagination. By all means keep the head level and duly respect the facts; but don't despise the beautiful dream simply because you cannot weigh it on the scales or prove it by the syllogism.

## Musings of a Matrimonial Slacker

By William V. Pollard

1.—How Love's Young Dream Grew Cold.

DOES any man ever really want to marry? Certainly not! A man instinctively shies at the conubial harness just as a woman craves toward it. But what chance has the average man of escaping the superior wiles of the fair sex? None whatever!

A single man is lord of the universe and any chap who is fortunate enough to have avoided the shackles of matrimony invariably prides himself on his luck. I know of what I speak, for having reached the mature age of thirty-five I am still single. So adept am I at dodging the girl who binds that if I watch my step I'll continue to be the envy of every husband in captivity.

The Evening World published "My Matrimonial Chances," in which the heroine's only thought and desire were to get married. My own experience looked up before me. To her an unsuccessful opportunity was almost a tragedy. While to me an escape from matrimony has always been a new lease of life.

But even if I have cherished my freedom, I have ardently loved my many loves. Am I so extraordinarily attractive? Nothing for any girl to love her heart over! Or have I no money? Not nearly as much as I ought to have!

I was twenty-two, just out of college and in my first position with a real estate firm, when I had my initial matrimonial escape.

Pansy was twenty, violet-eyed, sweet, soft and lovely as a flower. I had hunted the world over I would have chosen Pansy as the rarest treasure among women. We loved at sight. Long before I met Pansy, I had vowed that I should never marry. But failing really and truly in love altered my decision.

We became engaged and Pansy owned me heart and soul. Lord, how she did twine and cling. Her devotion fairly stifled me. And then, wanting to evade marriage because of an obsession with me, I was a villain and hated myself. Then a guardian angel came to the rescue. My firm sent me to New Orleans. Uncle Ned, a bachelor of forty, who had devoted his life and income to his nephews and nieces, promised to cheer my sweetheart while I was away. At first I wrote regularly and Pansy poured out her soul in daily epistles. Gradually her letters became more unattractive and less frequent.

I was in New Orleans six weeks and Uncle Ned, faithful to his promise, made a good job of it. To say the least, I was surprised and not quite sure whether I was pleased or pained to receive an announcement of Pansy's marriage to Uncle Ned.

They felt sorry about having stolen a march on me. I felt guilty about having thrown them together. But needless to say, for after years of wedlock they are ideally happy. Pansy still becomes offended and cries bitterly as in the days of their honeymoon, when Uncle Ned gently and politely and casually remarks that the spinach is over-salted. And he, the model husband, does not strangle her.

"I think it quite possible," "Then, madam," returned Lionel in his best wounded manner, "let me tell you what happened. I rang for tea. Your maid served it with a certain coldness of manner. I asked the reason, and she accused me of folly in being devoted to you. She even hinted that your words were not wholly to be relied on. I at once left her from the room."

"I held her at arm's length," said Lionel proudly.

"You think," he asked reproachfully, "that the moment your back was turned I could transfer my worship to another?"

"I think it quite possible," "Then, madam," returned Lionel in his best wounded manner, "let me tell you what happened. I rang for tea. Your maid served it with a certain coldness of manner. I asked the reason, and she accused me of folly in being devoted to you. She even hinted that your words were not wholly to be relied on. I at once left her from the room."

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## And Thus They Met



## The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

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"WHAT EVERY KID KID CLUB MEMBER SHOULD ANSWER."—By Amilecar Accorci.



## Cousin Eleanor's Klub Kolumn

Dear Cousins—

A LETTER was sent to me from one of Uncle Sam's trusty Jack Tars, who came to Luna on July 24, especially to see our Kiddie Klub now.

Mate Broderick's letter is another proof that all eyes are upon us and that they look approvingly upon our Klub.

It's a long time since a letter pleased me as much as this one has, and knowing that you would be equally interested in and delighted with what the note says, I am printing it here for you to read:

Cousin Eleanor, Evening World's Kiddie Klub, No. 61 Park Row, New York City:

You are doing a great service in the way of encouraging the talents of youngsters. I had the good fortune of meeting and speaking to several Kiddie Klub members. They are not like the majority of children seen on

the streets. They have capabilities of the average adult.

The men on board ship often spend a merry half hour reading the Kiddie Klub section and sometimes send a souvenir to the youthful authors.

Wishing the Kiddie Klub further success, I am cordially,

JEROME BRODERICK.

M. M. U. S. NAVY.

We return Mate Broderick's kind wishes for our future success tenfold. We wish that he and the big American enterprise of which he is a part will score the greatest success in the history of the world.

Cousin Eleanor.

JULY CONTEST AWARD WINNER.

THE FUNNIEST THING THAT HAPPENED AT SCHOOL.

Flag day is to be on the stage as a naval officer, and when I went to school I was late. All the boys were in the classroom. When I came in the teacher said, "Here comes little Summerville, late." All the boys laughed. I was on the stage in the afternoon. The curtain went down, leaving four of us outside of it. Everybody laughed when we had to crawl under it.

By JOHN SUMMERVILLE, aged eight, Brooklyn, N. Y.

GOOD-BY FRANCE.

Help our boys in camps and France by buying Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

And if you do there'll come a day When our boys will hear the General say:

"Come along, it's no time to delay. For victory's won and we're on our way."

We're off across the deep blue foam, In Yankee lands again we'll roam. We made the Kaiser do some dance, So say to the teacher, "Here comes little Summerville, late!"

By HENRIETTA FAY, aged twelve, New York.

YOUR DUTY.

Support the Red 'till you are dead. Uphold the White by day and night. And to the blue sea ever true, The whole our banner bright. Defend ever with your might.

Written by THOMAS DAVIDSON, aged fifteen.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Hereafter no Kiddie Klub member will receive full credit for contributions published in the Kiddie Klub Korner of the Evening World Magazine unless the school teacher or parent of the child signs her name to certify that the story or poem is original; that to the best of their knowledge it has not been copied from a book, magazine, newspaper or any other publication; and that it is a selection that the child has memorized. A like rule maintains with drawings. They must not have been copied.

Signatures "in pencil" is having your contribution published as "BY."

"WRITTEN BY" or "DRAWN BY" So and So.

AUGUST DRAWING AND WRITING CONTEST.

(Subject: What Would You Like to Be When You Grow Up and Why?) Ten prizes of \$1 each will be awarded Kiddie Klub members—ages from six to fifteen inclusive—who make the best drawings or write the best stories on what they would like to be when they grow up and why. Drawings must be done in black India ink or black crayon on pencil. Stories must not exceed three hundred words. Contestants must send their NAME, ADDRESS, AGE and CERTIFICATE NUMBER. Address: Cousin Eleanor, Evening World's Kiddie Klub, No. 61 Park Row, New York City.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB AND OBTAIN YOUR PIN.

Beginning with this issue, the Kiddie Klub will have a new feature. Each member will receive a "Kiddie Klub Pin" with their name, age and address on it. All children up to sixteen years of age may become members. Each member is requested to send a silver 25¢ pin to the club.

COUPON NO. 351

## The Gay Adventure

By Richard Bird

### How a Man Who Wanted to Marry Decided on a Way to Choose His Future Wife

(Copyright, 1918, by Richard Bird.)

SYNOPSIS OF PUBLISHING CHAPTERS. He grew up in a small town, the son of a farmer. He was a good student and a good athlete. He was a good friend and a good neighbor. He was a good man.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

THE object of Lionel's fond thoughts returned soon after 11 that night, a little tired, but full of kindness and mirth. "Oh!" she cried, as she entered the room, "I hope you haven't waited supper for me. If so, you must be ravenous!"

"Of course I waited," said Lionel. "Shall I ring?"

"But why hasn't Mizzi set supper?" asked Beatrice, pausing in the act of taking off her hat.

"I don't know," said Lionel carelessly. "It is true we had a slight difference, but surely—"

She caught up his words. "A difference? With my maid?"

Lionel cursed his stupidity in silence. The unlucky words had slipped, and she was now unbecomingly loud.

"What was the difference about?" asked Beatrice frigidly. "Did you try to kiss her?"

Lionel strove of feminine intuition. He felt himself to be in deep waters. He was no lover of lies, and to this peerless creature he would be doubly treacherous.

"On the other hand, something was due to Mizzi. Not only had he tried to kiss her, but the feat had been successfully accomplished."

"Do you think," he asked reproachfully, "that the moment your back was turned I could transfer my worship to another?"

"I think it quite possible," "Then, madam," returned Lionel in his best wounded manner, "let me tell you what happened. I rang for tea. Your maid served it with a certain coldness of manner. I asked the reason, and she accused me of folly in being devoted to you. She even hinted that your words were not wholly to be relied on. I at once left her from the room."

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snug little home, a cheerful wife, and chubby children, who were always to remain at an age not exceeding nine. His dreams, with their usual perversity, had not been realized, though on more than one occasion he had made efforts to find his ideal. There had been for instance, the daughter of a chimney-sweep, a virtuous and charming creature. There had been a policeman's niece, whose beauty it was that she could "slip the bracelets" of her own expression—on a refractory subject as quickly as a professional tailor-tailor. There had been the sister of a fish-and-chips salesman, and quite a number of others, equally alluring and disappointing. In his early youth he had dabbled with them all, but he had never got beyond the dallying stage.

The reason had been always the same. It was not that he had failed to find the ideal; not at all! The question of the moment had always seemed the most serious of his life, with a mental reservation giving the policeman's niece the pride of place. It was simply because he could not afford to marry. Girls would "walk out" with him with pleasure. They would give him every encouragement until, until the fatal truth became known. It was not that he had no money, but that he had no prospects. He had no trade, being merely the driver of a cab. Now it is possible for a cabdriver to start a family, but it was a desperate fate that all the girls to whom he paid attention looked somewhat higher in life. And Henry Brown was unable to satisfy their aspirations. He was deep in the groove of cab driving by the time he was twenty-three, and could conceive no other calling at which he might succeed.

Of course he might have tried to win a wife with less social ambition, but he made only one effort in this direction. At twenty-five he flung up a lady who seemed a promising helpmeet. She was a milliner's assistant, and swore to wait till Henry Brown had saved enough to start a house. She waited six weeks, and then, in a fit of romantic madness, married a scavenger.

This, in a commercial sense, had been the making of Henry Brown. Soured by his experience, he had resolved to hold aloof from women and devote himself to Thrift.

Some men might have taken to drink, but Henry Brown had a better way. He could do something to help himself. He was a good man.

CHAPTER V.

M R. HENRY BROWN was a man of forty, an age that is supposed to be the prime of life, though most of us would prefer to be ten years younger.

Henry Brown was unlucky enough to be a bachelor. This was through no fault of his own, for as a young man he had dreamed his dreams of a

his command. He still lived carefully, though in comfort, and when he arrived at his fortieth year he rubbed his hands. "Well," he said to himself one day, "I've done it. I might begin to think about choosing a wife now." It was significant that he said "choose," in his youth he would have said "seek" or possibly "sue for."

Mr. Brown went about the business with a methodical earnestness, buying in the first instance a new lounge suit and an appropriate tie. He also discarded pipes as being vulgar, and took to three-penny cigars instead. This habit, if the expression may be allowed, he would take his walks abroad after office hours or on a Sunday afternoon, wondering where and how he should meet his future wife.

An attractive young woman, apparently foreign, but speaking good English, called one day to order a taxi. Mr. Brown, who looked the order himself, was distinctly struck by her appearance. He was not so absurd as to fall in love at first sight, for the cautious routine of years is a better not lightly to be broken. But being so to speak, on the alert for a possible mate, he now took more than a haphazard interest in his customers. He noticed, therefore, that this young woman was certainly pretty, neat and decided, and he put her down as a lady's maid in a "perfect" house. He made no advances on this first meeting, but he could not help wishing that she would come again.

"For this once, just a little way," he murmured to himself. "She has a way with her. I must see her again."

Her partial acquaintance surprised him, for hitherto he had never been permitted to scout her home in a cab. As a handsome driver up in answer to the whistle, he wondered if it might be taken as a sign. With bounding pulses he thought, "Shall I risk it and ask her?" And then, with a return of sanity, "No, better wait and not spoil it." He handed her in carefully, stepped in beside her, and asked what address he should give.

"Oh, Trafalgar square," she replied carelessly.

The cab had scarcely started before she turned to him and said demurely, "You must think this strange—impossible, almost. But I have a reason. First of all, I wish to thank you for your many kindnesses."

She paused, and he was understood to mutter, "Not at all an honor."

She continued up.

"But there is a question I must ask, and I beg a truthful answer. Why have you so befriended a poor and humble old-life maid?"

At this question Henry Brown prepared a polite lie. A moment before he had resolved to wait. But being in love, encouraged by an excellent supper and a bottle of wine, and fired by the eloquence of his divinity, he threw caution to the winds. Though in the privacy of his office he had more than once rehearsed the scene and prepared effective orations, now and then he began to falter.

"I am a poor and humble old-life maid," he began, "I am a poor and humble old-life maid, and I am a poor and humble old-life maid."

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